

The Sixth Annual Raisin Festival in Fresno, the Raisin Capitol, was a success of no mean proportion. The attendance was large, both with participating dancers and viewing audience who packed the large balcony through all the three days of performances. The decorations were unique and simple—quite original. In the Foyer foreign foods and pastries were abundant covering a number of nationalities. All these culinary delicacies were most palatable. On a whole it nearly vied with the State Wide event. Guests arrived from all over the State. The selection for the folk dancers was varied and included a generous amount of squares as well as rounds. On a whole, the folk dances were on the easier-execution side. All in all it was a creditable festival.

Saturday evening the following dances were performed: The Czech Polka by Chang's International—well done and beautifully costumed. The Mexican Jarabe Michoacano by Helen Yost's Jarabe dancers was perfectly done, but lack of male partners always annoys me in this type of a dance. The Schuhplattler Quadrille by the Fersno Council Workshop had excellent folk spirit, and well done. The Staro Sito (old sieve) by the Balkan Dancers was excellent. I never thought that so simple a dance of rapid foot kicks could be so effective and captivating as this number was. Good, too, was their Croatian Drmes. Madelyne Greene and Bill Roberts did a dance-mime to an Italian Tarantella tune and they were terrific (as usual). The Oakland Recreation Dance Arts, a group of men in styled costumes of Black with gold trimmings, did a show—off Kozachok to the Ukrainian Hopak tune. They were agile and good, but it was not a Hopak. Tatarotchka, representing the former Crimean people who have been rooted out from Crimea by the Russians, was well performed. The Portuguese colony did their national Chamarrita. It is a cute number but they did too much of it. The Highland Fling and Sean Trubhais was well performed by a group of well trained and lovely girls.

dance by Grace Perryman and Virgil Morton, was vigorous and enjoyable to watch. Armenian girls danced Hoynazan and Enzli. It was charming, delightful and well done. The San Francisco Terpischoreans went on with a bang and did a Balkan Gypsy hodge-podge at a let-down pace. The Polish Oberek Zwiecziany was, perhaps, to my estimation, one of THE best performed group numbers of the entire program. It had color and life. Tho an arranged dance it was not over done and yet characteristic and true. The brightly striped Lowicz costumes lent themselves beautifully with the dance pattern making it seem like the folding and unfolding of a variegated daisy. This was truly excellent.

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Mondays: San Diego Folk Dancers, Beginners Class, Balboa Park, 7:30 to 10:00 P.M. Evelyn Prewett, assisted by Gordy Engler, instructor.

Tuesday: VILTIS Dancers, Trianon Ballrom, third floor,
1106 S. Broadway, 8:00 to 10:30 P.M. Vyts Beliajus,
instructor.

Tuesday Nighters: Colonia Hall, 4567 30th St., 7:30 to 10:00 P.M. Vivian Woll, instructor.

Wednesdays: Church of New Jerusalem Recreational Hall,
4144 Campus, 7:30 to 10:00 P.M. Evelyn Prewett,
instructor.

Thursday: San Diego Folk Dancers, Balboa Park, 7:30 to 10:00 P.M. Co-op instruction.

Fridays: The Cabrillo Folk Dancers, Balboa Park, 7:30 to 10:00 P.M. Vivian Woll, instructor.

Turner Dancers, Turner Hall, 30th and Date, 7:30 to 10:00 P.M. Elizabeth Ullrich, instructor.

Sundays: San Diego Folk Dancers, Balboa Park, 2:00 to 5:00 P.M., program open to the public. This program is a San Diego institution and has a large following of a viewing audience. No instruction but dancing for fun.

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The folk dancing in Balboa Park are held in the former Library building which has been set aside by the San Diego Parks and Recreation Dept., as permanent headquarters for the Park sponsored folk dancers.

Square and Round dancing is available every day in the San Diego area.

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Los Angeles and Santa Monica, Calif.



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After our motor tour through the fabulous fjord country of western Norway, we arrived at Bergen in time for the last day of the Bergen festival of Grieg music and folklore. The folk pageant was held in the courtyard of an old castle and we were treated to folk dances and songs by costumed participants representing Hardanger, Setesdal, and Hallingdal. The Hardanger dancers were accompanied by the Hardanger fiddle, which sounds so much like a bagpipe that if we closed our eyes we should have thought ourselves in Scotland. Hallingdal offered the most spectacular dance, during which the women held derby hats at the ends of sticks high over the men's heads. The men took a twisting turn, lifting both feet from the floor and kicking the hat from the pole.

Our next folk dance experience was at a campground in Karlstad, our first stop in Sweden. We have always associated Hambo and Sweden as almost synonymous, and when we saw an orchestra drive up to the dance platform our hopes rose . . . only to be let down very flatly as they launched into jitterbug rhythm. After about half an hour just as we had decided to go to bed, that unmistakable 3/4 rhythm with the heavily accented first beat could be heard. We made it to the dance platform in nothing flat and had our first Hambo in Sweden!

At Stockholm's outdoor folk museum, Skansen, we spent a day visiting full sized folk homes and farms from different parts of Sweden and from different centuries. Each area was attended by a costumed guide, most of whom spoke English (fortunately for us . . . as the Scandinavian languages aren't like anything else). Just before dusk, a group of excellent folk dancers presented a program including our old friends, Fryksdals Polska and the Ox Dance. Incidentally, this latter was clowned and burlesqued as much as it has been in some stateside groups (authoritarians note, please). After dinner, we enjoyed an outdoor concert of Viennese music; then joined in an "old-fashioned" dance in which hambos, waltzes, polkas and schotisches were alternated all night long. What a difference in spirit when Swedish folk orchestras play Swedish dance music! You can't possibly miss a beat.

June 24, 25 and 26 found us at Naas-Floda in western Sweden where we were to have two outstanding experiences; first, we met those two marvelous gals, Jerry Joris and Anta Ryman (the latter was our hostess); and, secondly, we were to experience a long-dreamed-about Midsummer Festival in Sweden. Naas is a summer colony where people come to study. Because the usual quarters were filled, Anta arranged for us foreign-Swedes to sleep in the castle on the grounds. It was an exciting experience to sleep in a bed and sit in chairs which are normally not to be touched. We used candlelight (no electricity) and feasted our eyes on the beautiful crystal chandeliers, furnishings, and art treasures . . . to say nothing of the surrounding grounds and gardens.

Jupiter Pluvius wouldn't let us alone, so much of the festivaal had to be moved indoors. However, the only aspect it was impossible to hold at all was the lighting of the fires on the mountain tops (as they would not ignite). The first afternoon and evening included many hours of singing games and folk dances. Language is no barrier when it comes to folk dancing . . . and we felt as if we were old friends of all present in very short order. On the morning of Midsummer Day, the greens were gathered and the halls decorated, and the majstack raised. In the afternoon the "bride and groom", having paid their respects at the various houses, led the costumed procession to the